Evening Bulletin.

PHILADELPHIA

VOLUME XXIV.—NO. 132. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1870. PRICE THREE CENTS.

WEDDING CARDS, INVITATIONS for Parties, &c. New styles. MASON & CO., 907 Chestnut street. de30fmw tf§

THE CELEBRATED (ORIGINAL BERWICK, ME,) BERWICK SPONGE CAKE. MADE AND SOLD ONLY BY G. BYRON MORSE, 902 ARCH STREET. $1 00 PER BOX. se8 6t§

DIED.

ALDEN.—At Newport, R. I., Sept. 10th, Col. Bradford R. Alden (late U. S. Army.)

Funeral services at Laurel Hill Chapel, at 1 o'clock P. M. on Tuesday next.

DE SILVER.—On the 10th inst., Harrison T. De Silver, aged 45 years.

His male relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend his funeral, from his late residence, 1229 Spruce street, on Tuesday afternoon, the 13th instant, at 3 o'clock.

GIRARD.—On the 11th instant, Augustus Girard.

The friends and relatives of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from his late residence, No. 2228 Green street, on Wednesday morning, the 14th inst., at 9 o'clock. Interment at Wilmington, Del.

LOVE.—This morning, 12th inst., John Love, in his 83d year, at the residence of his son, John B. Love.

WITMER.—This morning, Sarah A., daughter of Jacob Witmer.

EYRE & LANDELL OPEN TO-DAY—
6 New Shades of Brown Silk.
5 " " " Green Silks.
4 " " " Mode Silks.
Scarabee, the new fall Shade.
Plain Silks from $1 25 to $6 per yard.

PURE COD LIVER OIL, CITRATE Magnesia.—JOHN C. BAKER & Co., 715 Market st.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

SCHOOL SUITS.
SCHOOL SUITS.
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SCHOOL SUITS.

BOYS' CLOTHING.

SCHOOL SUITS.
SCHOOL SUITS.
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SCHOOL SUITS.
SCHOOL SUITS.
SCHOOL SUITS.

AT

JOHN WANAMAKER'S

818 and 820 Chestnut Street.

☞ Fruit and Floral Exhibition!!
HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY,
Sept. 13th to 16th, 1870.

Promenade Concerts Every Evening.

A GRAND DISPLAY IS ANTICIPATED.
se7-5trp

☞ UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.—The College Year will open on THURSDAY, September 15. Candidates for admission will present themselves for examination at 10½ o'clock on that day. FRANCIS A. JACKSON, Secretary.
se5 10trp§

☞ IF YOU WANT THE ORIGINAL White Mountain Cake, go to DEXTER'S, 245 South Fifteenth street. se12 m w f1m 1p§

☞ HOWARD HOSPITAL, NOS. 1518 and 1520 Lombard street, Dispensary Department. —Medical treatment and medicine furnished gratuitously to the poor

POLITICAL NOTICES.

☞ Republican Invincibles of Philada.

FIRST GUN OF THE CAMPAIGN.

REPUBLICAN MASS MEETING,

Under the auspices of the

Republican Invincibles of Philadelphia,

On Wednesday Evening, Sept. 14,

AT CONCERT HALL,

CHESTNUT STREET, ABOVE TWELFTH.

The meeting will be addressed by

Hon. R. Stockett Mathews, of Baltimore.

LADIES ESPECIALLY INVITED.

ALEX. P. COLESBERRY, President.
J. EBEN HARKINS, Secretary.
A. WILSON HENSZEY,
Chairman Committee on Meetings.
se12 3trp§

☞ 1870. 1870.

SHERIFF,

WILLIAM R. LEEDS.
je16 tl ocl2rp§

☞ THE UNION REPUBLICAN Naturalization Committee will set daily at Mr. N. SOBY'S, 416 Library street, from 10 until 2 o'clock.
JOSEPH R. ASH, Chairman.
se6tfrp§

WANTS.

WANTED—A SOPRANO SINGER IN A Quartette Choir of an Episcopal Church, in the northwest part of the city. Salary $150 per annum. Address G., at this office, with references. se12 3trp*

WANTED TO PURCHASE A TUG-Boat, 17 or 18-inch cylinder. Address, with full particulars, age of boat, condition of boiler, &c., and lowest price for cash,
M. GOODWIN, Engineer,
143 East Thirty-third street,
se8-6trp* New York City.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—EDGEWATER—BEAUtifully located on the Delaware—Modern Country Residence (new), and large lot of ground. Easy of access by river or rail. Very high ground. House finished in the most complete style. Bath, hot and cold water, range, heater, &c., &c. Will be sold low. FRED. SYLVESTER, 238 South Fourth street. se12 tf§

TO RENT.

TO RENT, FOR ONE YEAR, ONE of the finest furnished four-story brown-stone houses in the city, situated near Ritenhouse Square. Rent, $300 per month. Address H. S., office of the *Press*. se12-m w f-3t*

—It is curious that a Latin epigram—an acrostic too—written in 1814 against Napoleon I., should now be applied to Napoleon III. We give the original, and reproduce the acrostic in the translation:

Nihil eram, Naught I was once.
Augustus factus sum, And was made Augustus
Populorum carnifex, Peoples' butcher, I.
Orbum turbavi, Overturned the world.
Libertatem suppressi, Liberty was laid low by me.
Ecclesiam destruxi, Even so the Church.
Omnia fui, Once I was all in all.
Nihil ero. Now I shall be naught.

—The Committee of the Crystal Palace Bible Stand have caused copies of the Four Gospels, of a handy size, to be distributed among the troops of the two nations now at war.

Notes of a Trip to and Upon the Lake Superior and Mississippi Railroad.

The Lake System Linked with the Mississippi River.

Inauguration of the Railroad which Spans the Water-Shed of America.

[Editorial Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

My last letter, published this day week, described the ceremonial excursion of August 24th for the purpose of opening the road, and broke off abruptly, for reasons connected with the mail service, at the approach to the grand slate-region of the St. Louis river.

The Slate Region of Minnesota.

The slate deposits were explained to us by Mr. Thomas Arnold, Superintendent of the Great Mining Company, who received us near the station with generous hospitality in his own house. A practical man and an original, Mr. Arnold is one of those whose domicile is the last expression—the final envelope and cuticle—of the individual. Here in the lonely wilderness, between the roaring of the river and the endless sough of the hemlocks, he has constructed the most bewitching abode of comfort, which comes upon the traveler like a charm. The house is in the likeness of a Swiss cottage, all rustic-work, bark-work and mantling greenery, from whose deep balconies hang trailing vines, and up to whose threshold stretches a quaint garden of plats and rock-work, such as they set up for the third act of *Faust*. The figure of the owner comes in appropriately. Gallant Thomas Arnold, a practical-looking man in top-boots and a full suit of the finest corduroy, with cap to match, received us with a hospitality which spoke the opulent miner. On the front of his gable ran the word WELCOME in evergreen. For motto, besides the date, was set up the character *Alpha*—appropriately characterizing an enterprise whose beginning indeed we were seeing, but whose unclosed future may put to shame all of Dr. Johnson's reveries, among the casks of Mr. Thrale, about "the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice."

This fine specimen of practical grit—with a face roughly blocked out, and an eye like a jewel in a rock—was, he says, conceived and born in a slate-quarry. He has made slate the school of his life, and his earliest sums and copies were done, with a fragment of the fallen material, upon the frameless facets of the native slate itself. He has grown up to the business, and has thoroughly studied the formations of York county, in this State, and of Canada. The opinion of such an expert, when called upon to pronounce on a newly-found deposit, is pretty valuable. When he throws into a new mine his enthusiasm, his time, his knowledge, and a round lump of his hard-earned money, there can barely be a doubt about the promise of the scheme. Mr. Arnold thinks that the Slate-Dalles of the St. Louis will, in Shakespearian phrase, cheer him ever or disseat him quite. A deposit of such extent, stretching for twenty miles along the river, and indefinitely either way, does not exist elsewhere. Practical quarrymen from Wales, in his employ, grow enthusiastic and declare that they never saw such indications, even in the famous "Festenec." This, they say, is to be the grand emporium out of which the prairie-cities of the west are to be roofed; timberless as many of these plains are, and annually growing more completely so, this deposit must be a wealthy boon for the whole Mississippi valley. No other slate-bed occurs west of our own Peachbottom quarry in Pennsylvania. In a short time, with proper development, the splendid slates of the St. Louis may be furnished almost as cheap as shingle, and the catastrophe of fire, which has scourged so terribly the hopes of every single city of the west, be stripped of half its terrors. As for quality, the slate exhibited is close, pure and flat as that of Pennsylvania. Three dykes have been opened, known as A., B. and C., and two of them, B. and C., are now being actively excavated. The developments are superb, and our tourists examined with interest a leveled quarry of great extent, flat as a huge floor, and rich and close in its dark granulation.

Preliminary examinations were made three years ago, by Mr. Arnold and a corps of experts, and the surface indications promise that ten thousand quarrymen at least could be profitably employed. The chartered company is now working away, with a capital of $200,000, every cent of which is prudently and jealously watched by the astute Superintendent. His desire is, not to be too eagerly pushed by the investors of the East, but to be allowed to thrust the enterprise forward by tried and tested degrees, according as experience shall dictate success. "You see, I've got my own pile on it," says Mr. Arnold.

To an opinion so trusty I shall add an official one, that of Thomas Clark, State Geologist of Minnesota. He made a report to the Governor, in the year 1864, in which he declares the supply to be literally inexhaustible, and predicts that slate shingles can be furnished therefrom at a cost little, if any, greater than the pine. "If one-fourth of this slate area proves available," says Mr. Clark, "—and doubtless one-half will—it will yield one thousand millions of tons."

Slate as Scenery.

Taine, wishing to give an idea of the lovely beauties of the Naples region—Baiæ, Ischia, Procida and Capri—as seen under mist near sunrise, can only compare them to a soft gray crayon design by a master, or else to "the bluish tints of slate, breaking pure out of its dewy crevices." And, indeed, the melting hues of this most placid and relieving of rocks are most valuable to the artistic eye, as they rise among the awful pines in a continuous wall of cyclopean architecture, or match against their smooth cheeks the pale aster of the wood, or spread a foil behind the running fires of the golden-rod. But I have said all that I should, and more than I meant, about the romantic scenery of the Dalles.

So long as the road follows the St. Louis, it climbs by a very precipitous ascent, the grade being some four hundred feet, I suppose, in a course of twenty miles. For so far, the route is curving, difficult,—and imperially beautiful. The lofty trestle-bridges, built of gigantic trees accurately squared, and fitted together like a titanic basket-work, rise firm yet tough to the height of the knobs and knolls, ninety, a hundred, and even 106 feet high. One of the viaducts has a grand sweep, of distinct and confined radius, so that the rider on the engine sees the rear car reflected in his polished lantern. All the caprices which make up the interest of the Catawissa road are here magnified—and beside, the roaring and foaming uncontaminate stream, broad as the Mississippi at Saint Anthony.

Our party, in two separate visits, examined these slate-quarries of the St. Louis. As I did not, however, chance to see the blasting in this particular place, I may copy a paragraph from the description of John G. Williams, Esq., of Minneapolis, who has contributed an account of the operations to the St. Paul *Press*:

"Great slate dykes (says Mr. Williams) rear their tesselated fronts like some ancient ruin, defiant and frowning. Soon the regular, almost measured reverberation of 'click, click,' as the iron drill slowly but surely enters the deep bosom of each rock, tells that the war has commenced. Soon the deep ravine, the forest, the hillside, give back, in measured tones, the echoing voice of that element, called into requisition by human skill, force and will. The tall rock is shivered, and then comes the great grand blast. Twelve hundred pounds of powder are placed deep beneath the mass of rock. The fuse burns slowly but surely. At last the rugged mass pulsates, heaves, tosses, and away go tons of ragged, broken fragments, separated never to be united again; a huge material type of far too many episodes in the world's great history."

ENFANT PERDU.

THE WAR IN EUROPE

[By Cable.]

THE QUESTION OF PEACE.

Russia and Austria Working for Peace—England Opposed to the Republic—Count Bismarck in Favor of Peace.

PARIS, Sept. 10, 1870.—The Legations of Russia and Austria are busily at work in the interests of peace, and, it is believed, they would already have secured an armistice had not the English government blocked the way by its neutrality and half hostile attitude.

The English government is believed to have a secret understanding with the King of Prussia adverse to the wishes of Count Bismarck, in order to secure, if possible, the suppression of the republic.

I have it on high authority that Count Bismarck desires neither Alsace nor Lorraine, and is anxious to secure peace as soon as possible. But King William is bitterly opposed to any negotiations with the republican authorities, and insists upon advancing to Paris to crush the revolution before the fever can extend to Germany.

King William Determined Not to Recognize the Republic.

OSTEND, Sept. 11, 1870.—The latest intelligence from the Prussian headquarters is, that in reply to the propositions made through the Austrian legation, King William declares that he will listen to no propositions of peace only in the Tuileries and from the imperial government.

The Empress in England.

LONDON, Sept. 11.—The Empress Eugenie is still at the Marine Hotel, in Hastings, attended by Ferdinand de Lesseps, Madame de Lesseps and Madame Thierry. All the ladies of the court who came with Her Majesty to Belgium remained in that country.

The Mother and Son.

Her meeting with the Prince Imperial on Friday morning was most sad and touching. The Prince threw himself weeping into his mother's arms, sobbing, "*O, mon pauvre papa!*" The Empress behaved with extreme dignity and tenderness. No newspaper in Hastings yesterday alluded to the arrival of the Empress; the secret being kept by common consent. In the course of the day a messenger with letters from them both for the Emperor, indorsed by the Prussian Embassy in London, left Dover for Ostend on his way to Wilhelmshöhe. The Empress sent for all the newspapers of the day immediately after her arrival, and watches the course of events with the most lively attention. Last evening her Majesty was indisposed, and a physician was sent for. By an extraordinary coincidence Dr. Blackstone was called in, who, twenty-two years ago, in the same town, attended Louis Philippe, then newly arrived as an exile from France. This morning her Majesty made her first appearance in public at Hastings. She attended mass in the morning at the Catholic chapel with M. de Lesseps, Madame Thierry, and the Prince Imperial. A great crowd assembled about the chapel. As she passed through the ranks of the people all took off their hats with a general impulse of respectful sympathy, which the Empress acknowledged by gravely bowing, and the Prince by taking off his cap. The Empress's face was full of subdued but visible emotion.—*World.*

[By Mail.]

The Strasbourg Cathedral Clock and Library.

[From the Hartford Times.]

One of the most lamentable results of the siege of Strasbourg, leaving out of view the loss of human life, is the injury which the bombardment has inflicted on the noble cathedral and its wonderful astronomical clock. The vast cathedral, which, perhaps, more than any other one thing, has made the name of Strasbourg celebrated, is one of the finest Gothic buildings in Europe. It was founded A. D. 504. The choir was built by Charlemagne; probably about A. D. 800, though it was not completed until 1339. The material of which the cathedral is built is a brown stone, very much resembling our Connecticut Portland freestone, so extensively used in Fifth avenue. It was obtained from a quarry at Wassebonne, in the valley of Couronne, a few miles from Strasbourg. The architect of the existing edifice was Erwin von Steinbach, of Baden. One John Huells, of Cologne, was the architect of the peerless tower. Its spire is the loftiest in the world. Its height, 466 feet, surpasses St. Peter's, and is about equal to that of the Great Pyramid. The greater part of the entire structure was destroyed by lightning in 1007, and the restored edifice was begun in 1015 and completed in 1439. The cathedral is in every part richly decorated with sculptures; and the western front, rising to a height of 230 feet, is, or was, particularly fine with its wealth of statues, ornamental carvings, and bas-reliefs. It has a circular window 48 feet in diameter. The Prussian heavy artillery has made, it is said, a ruin of part of the vast building.

The astronomical clock, the product of a German clockmaker, in about the year 1550, is a marvel of ingenuity and mechanical skill, and has no counterpart. It performs not only the service of a clock, but exhibits the days, and the months, and the years; the process of the seasons; the signs of the zodiac, and the names and the movements of the heavenly bodies. At each quarter-hour an angel comes out and strikes one stroke on a bell; at every hour another angel comes and strikes twice; and 12, meridian, a figure of Christ appears, accompanied by the twelve apostles, all of whom move around a central point and pass in, out of sight, by another door, the stroke of twelve being given, and a cock flaps his wings and crows. The clock is enormous in size, like everything else connected with the vast cathedral, and is invisible from the outside street—the spectator passing through the nave of the cathedral to see it. It has suffered from fire and violence before the present year, having been out of repair and motionless since the revolution of 1793, until the year 1842, when it was repaired by a watchmaker of Bas-Rhin, and has been in operation since. It is to be hoped that this ingenious piece of mechanism has not been irreparably injured by the present bombardment.

The loss of the Strasbourg library—a vast collection of 800,000 volumes, including many collections of rare and curious monkish parchments—is total and irreparable. It can never be replaced by any collection hereafter made. It was the slow result of a thousand years; and its destruction by fire, caused by the Prussian hot shot, is like the burning of the Alexandrian library in this, that of a great number of the works destroyed no duplicates can ever be obtained.

The City of the Victors—A Scene of Mourning.

[From the Buffalo Courier.]

We are permitted to publish the following portion of a letter from a young lady from this city who has for the last two years resided in Berlin, and is now detained there through the war:

BERLIN, Aug. 25th, 1870.—*My Dear Mother:* What do you think about these fearful battles we are having over here, and all for no reason? War has never seemed so dreadful to me as it has lately; armies and battles which before appeared as a dream have suddenly become very real. Berlin was so gay when her soldiers went away; they went so willingly and took leave so cheerfully; and now almost every house is mourning. The regiment called the King's Guards, composed of the finest young men in Berlin, left about two weeks ago. They passed under our windows, bands playing, flags flying, and horses prancing, one of the prettiest sights I have ever seen; and now, of the whole regiment, only four are unwounded. So many that we know by sight are dead; and yet Berlin is the victorious city, and people rejoice over their victories and seem never to think of their fearful cost. I wonder if you are much interested in this European struggle and get reliable news? Perhaps you hear both sides, and are able to judge of affairs much better than we can. The King sends his despatches to the Queen, reporting his victories, &c., &c., and the city is illuminated, the people rejoice; and we hear the same thing is done in Paris for the same battle. Of course we believe King William, and I think we have reason to do so. There seems to be no danger of Napoleon's being wounded at present; he keeps far enough away from the firing. We are all disappointed in Napoleon. Every one thought he had a great big plan of some kind, and was going to do great things. Perhaps he did have a big plan, and these little Germans, with "Little Fritz" at their head, destroyed it. Every one now thinks the war cannot last much longer. Metz must surrender before long, and then the Germans think a visit to Paris will be both easy and agreeable. Some great changes must happen soon. I wonder what they will be.

Your loving daughter, A.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Appearance of the Field of Gravelotte—The Awful Slaughter.

Murat Halstead, in his letter to the Cincinnati *Commercial* describing the battle-field of Gravelotte has the following:

Here, there, everywhere the poor fellows had been tumbled over. We came upon a Frenchman whose head had been knocked off by a cannon shot. There remained of it two scraps of skin, each as large as your hand, and on one was his mustache and the end of his nose, and on the other a patch of the hair of his head. Another had been struck in the centre of his body and almost cut in two. The shoulders and head were left, the hairy knapsack and red cap still clinging to them, and below the bloody mass his coarse shoes and white gaiters were visible; his face was in the dust. Another French soldier had been disemboweled by a fragment of shell, and the fatal missile had torn open his pantaloons pocket, showing a large piece of hard bread and a bit of meat. A tall Prussian, dead, was at full length on his back, his helmet half hiding his swollen face—the eagle that adorned it with the legend "For King and Fatherland," and the buckle of his hilt showing in conspicuous letters "God with us." On the north side of the road was a slender little French soldier lying on his face, his gun in his hands. He had been killed as he was making ready to fire, and had crouched in the collapse of death like a pitiful little animal. A triangular rent in the band of his red cap told that he had been shot through the head. At his side was a larger man, through whose naked head a ghastly furrow had been plowed, and from it the torn brains issued. His chassepot was clutched in his stiff hands. In the same neighborhood was a French Colonel, not disfigured at all by his death wound. I think he had not met his death instantly, but had been struck in the thigh and died from loss of blood. He had, it seemed, attempted to do something to staunch the flow of blood, and finding it vain, had composed himself for death. He was as neat a corpse as ever you saw. His spurs were still on his heels, his kepi on his head, his hands by his side. His clothes had been opened about his breast by some one in search of valuables, I suppose, and there were articles scattered about, showing that he had been careful in camp to be neat. Among them were a tooth-brush and a box of tooth-powder. The dust from the Paris road had powdered him. His features were not swollen or distorted, but clear and colorless, and his friends would have recognized him quickly as in life.

How it happened that in the same groups of dead some were hideously affected by the sun, black and monstrous, with details of horror in their appearance that I must not mention, while others were pale and waxen, every facial outline delicately preserved, I do not understand.

Some of the most terrible of the pictures of death were among the fallen horses. There were expressions of unutterable fear and suffering in their dead faces. The wild eyes, the expanded nostrils, the open lips displaying the full length of the teeth. In some of the faces of these noble animals every hair seemed to tell a tale of terror. The attitudes of the horses in death were as various and fascinating in their interest as those of the men. Oh for an artist to have made a study of them! Here is a grand bay horse shot through by an unexploded shell, his left shoulder crushed and a hole in his flank half as large as the head of a flour barrel. Stricken down with his legs under him and his chin in the dirt, there was in his staring eyes and startling grin the suggestion of a horrible shriek. Here was another, shot through the head, and prone on his side. In his struggles he had torn the clover sod with his feet, and the bloody froth, blown far from his nostrils, spoke of the desperate agony of his dying breath. A beautiful young mare, in whose satin skin and handsome limbs, and graceful head, tipped with dainty ears, any horse fancier would have detected the marks of gentle blood, had clasped her legs as if they were human arms, against her body, which had been shot through. Many were on their backs, their legs extended. So numerous were they that, glancing over the field, horses' legs could be seen sticking up on all sides, making a display that would have been grotesque if it had not been hideous.

The little town of Vionville was heaped with corpses. The garden walls were overthrown, the houses shivered with shots, and one that had been fired in the battle still burning. Every house had been a slaughter-house. The Prussians had removed nearly all their dead, but the French corpses were so thick that one could but think the battle had been for them, at this point, a massacre. Extending across the Paris road, from Vionville southward, was a line on which the French had stood, their faces toward Paris. How many miles of corpses there were here, in a row, revealing the ground on which the French had made their last stand on the second day, I do not know, but I certainly saw two miles of them. Traces of the ferocious energy with which the French had sought to hurl back the overbearing legions of Germany, were still to be seen in their dead faces. A few had the look of meekness and resignation, as if death had not come before visions of peace, but the many had a fixed fierceness, quite tiger-like. It was remarkable that this wild animal aspect was not noticeable among the fallen Germans. Their attitudes in death seldom expressed intensity of action, while the French, in very many instances, had evidently received their mortal hurts when every nerve and muscle was strained with the excitement of some furious endeavor.

A STORY OF THE SEA.

Thrilling Tale of Storm and Shipwreck

The Spanish Brig National Dashed to Pieces in a Cyclone—Sailors Washed Overboard—The Captain and Five of the Crew, Floating on the Ocean, Die of Hunger and Thirst.

The N. Y. *Herald* says:

The Brig National,

a thoroughly built craft, capable of encountering the roughest weather, left Aguadilla on the 18th of August last, with 500 bales of cotton and 814 bags of coffee, under command of Captain Pablo Berdageur, who, with a crew of nine men and a boy, started on their voyage to the port of Barcelona, with joyous songs and hearts beating high at the prospects of a safe and speedy passage. They proceeded so pleasantly for the space of eleven days that their wishes seemed certain of fulfilment, but the hour of the dreadful catastrophe which sent so many of their souls to final judgment came soon after.

A Cyclone.

On the 28th of August the wind had been blowing fresh and continued into the night, but it was nothing like a gale of wind. The next day, the 29th, the tempest burst upon them, and so sudden was the cyclone, or revolving hurricane, that no time could be had to reef the sails. Efforts were made to run before the storm, but the attempt was fruitless, the vessel broaching to, and the high-rolling sea carrying every portable thing before it and almost engulfing her. With every second the maddened wind blew more furiously and tore the sails from their fastenings as if they were paper balloons, and other seas washed the deck from stem to stern and every boat was carried into the ocean. Nothing could be done with the vessel. The gale gave a whirling direction. This was the critical moment. Could the struggling vessel have been got before the storm she might have lived and ridden out the cyclone in safety.

The Crew's Efforts.

Captain Berdageur communicated to his crew, as well as he could, their peril, but at the time he had no fear that the vessel would be wrecked. He felt the severity of the terrible storm, but was confident that he had a good vessel. The "broaching to" was unexpected; it came suddenly as the storm, and desperate work was necessary. As soon as this occurred the sea poured upon deck and down the companionway and forecastle in volumes, until it was four or five feet deep. The masts were attempted to be cut away, but the wind was blowing worse than a hurricane, roaring louder than thunder, and the sea chopping terribly ugly and dashing in wildly from all quarters, until at last the masts, as one more frightful mass of seething waves struck them, went by the board. During the first moment of the vessel's calamity some of the crew were below, and when the sea poured in upon them they found themselves buried.

Fifteen Feet Under Water,

and they only fought their way, strangling and gasping, to the deck by the utmost heroism and coolness. One of these furious seas had swept two of the men who were at the wheel overboard, and they were instantly lost.

Nothing could be done, it was found. The mate and one or two of the crew lashed themselves to the stumps of the masts. The captain obtained his chronometer and log book, meaning to save them if possible, and then the nine souls

Awaited Their Fate.

They were not long in suspense. The vessel, by the heavy thumping it had received, began to go to pieces, and its dismemberment was soon complete, and in the gales, tornadoes, cyclones, lashing seas, overwhelming waves and the whited forms of the crested billows there was but little cheer for the almost drowned mariners. At last, drifting about subordinate to the waves, a vast, wild sea washed, like the report of a cannon, over them, and instantly the captain and seven men and boy found themselves on a portion of the deck house, which had been split from the hull,

Floating in Mid-Ocean,

with these frail, thin planks only beneath them. This was in the afternoon of the 29th of August. Little did these men know what was in store for them. Little in the midst of that horribly angry ocean did they reflect what their sufferings and their deaths would be. Hundreds of miles from shore, with nothing to eat and in a vast desert of water, with "water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink."

Twenty-four Hours.

The storm subsided in part almost as suddenly as it came, but the sea was running ugly and dangerous. The men moved cautiously about the frail work that kept them from the bosom of the ocean, and at first calmly talked of their condition. Constant watches were kept for sail, but none appeared. Nightfall drew on and without anything to stop the gnawing of hunger or the quenching of thirst, they again lashed themselves as before, and awaited day. It was with heavy hearts that the sufferers returned to their places with but little hope left to encourage them. They slept quite profoundly that night, the first, and when

Day Again Dawned

these poor Spanish men looked one to another, shook their heads, but said but little. The rest of the story can soon be told. Day passed, night again came, and hunger and thirst maddened the weakest, and in their delirium they jumped overboard. Thus went out the life of José, the cabin boy, and thus terminated the existence of others. The third and fourth days two of the crew died and dropped into the sea. The fourth day the Captain succumbed and his body fell into the watery waste. The fifth day but three remained, the mate, Pablo Alsina, and two of the crew, Augustin Obiol and Joaquin Peras. Lashing themselves to the wreck, but with their hands so as they could use them as well as their exhausted condition would allow them to, these men were also about to give up in despair. Five days clinging to a wreck—five days without

Food or Water!

There are not many similar cases on record. The testimony of the three survivors is that after the third day the thought of food scarcely entered their minds, but the burning thirst drove them to distraction. Five days without a drop of water! what a miracle of suffering? what heroism that can outlive such a terrible ordeal? It came to be through this fearful parching that the men could hardly talk. Each tongue was swollen and hung within the mouth. As it touched the roof of the mouth it seemed to glue there and scaled off in large pieces.

Deliverance at Last.

On Saturday morning, the 3d inst., the first sail that was seen by the men on the wreck came in sight, and new hope was born in the wretched beings. Fortunately the vessel approached them, and was near enough to observe their signs of distress. It proved to be

The Bark Gazelle,

of New Haven, Conn., Captain Black, bound from St. Pierre, Martinique, to this port, with a cargo of sugar and molasses, and the story of these waifs of the ocean is best told in the unpretending words of the vessel's logbook, as follows:

September 3, lat. 29 10, lon. 67 17.—At half-past three P. M. we passed several bales of cotton, when we lowered a boat and picked up two of them. At four P. M. saw a wreck with persons on board making signals of distress; pulled down to them and found what appeared to be the upper part of a vessel with cabin house. On this were men—the mate and two of the crew of the Spanish brig Nacional, from Aguadilla, P. R., bound to Barcelona, with coffee and cotton. We took them on board and cared for them.

The portion of the deck was all that was left of the brig, wrecked on the 29th of August. Subsequently we picked up other bales of cotton, fourteen in all, when we squared away on our course.

Yes, "Cared For."

As the boat of the Gazelle went along side of the wreck it was evident that the three men were in a perishing condition, and could not have lived many hours longer. They were kindly lifted on board, and every attention paid to them by the kind-hearted Captain Black and his crew. When taken up they were almost naked, as they had been for three days, the washing seas having torn their clothes into ribbons, and in that manner some portions of them clung to their bodies. The sun had fearfully blistered them, and great blotches were on their faces, hands, arms and bodies. The mate was the stronger of the trio, but his right hand was badly mangled by a splinter from the falling mainmast, and it had festered and swollen to a fearful degree. The weakest of the other two was Obiol, who had wounds all over his body, made by the action of the salt water, which had cracked the joints, and then their opening exposed the muscles in a horrible manner. His left eye was swollen and black, the side of it having been badly cut open by some falling stick. They had been almost reduced to skeletons. All were given a teaspoonful of brandy at first, but even this was too much for their shattered systems, and very soon after its ministration Obiol became unconscious. This man required constant attention and nursing to save his life, and nothing was left undone, by direction of the captain, to this end. Besides his own efforts the captain entrusted him to the care of Jas. A. Goddard, one of the crew, a colored young man, who, by making soups and giving them and all the delicacies the ship's stores afforded to the sick man at regular intervals, soon had the satisfaction of seeing him walk about.

WAR NOTES.

—The French fleet in the Baltic, whose gallant "officers and men" are sucking their thumbs while their countrymen are being slaughtered by the wholesale in France, are very much annoyed by a little Prussian steamer called the "Grille," which reconnoitres around the formidable squadron almost constantly. The little vessel carries only two guns, but they have an extraordinarily long range, and so it is enabled to harass the clumsier French vessels continually. The shape of the vessel makes it faster than any vessel the French have got, so that it can steam off whenever an attempt at chase is made. The French, aware of this fact, do not try it any more, but send a few shots at the plucky little vessel whenever it comes too near.

—When M. About in his letters to the *Soir* gets away from himself, his letters are extremely interesting. The following passage felicitously reflects Paris in its new aspect: "Pleasures which formerly constituted the great business of life in Paris are so no longer. Drilling, working, meditating, there is no longer time or inclination for amusement. The capital of European good living, whither M. Haussmann attracted all the eaters, the drinkers, the flatterers of the world, has within a few days assumed a Spartan aspect. The theatres are closed, except four or five which play to empty benches. Dress has become plainer; a gay toilet would be as discordant as a false note. War has restored the credit of poverty. We may now venture to walk, and we no longer fear to ask four friends to dine off beef and potatoes."

—A stalwart soldier from Pomerania, who almost fainted at his arrival in Berlin from the terrible heat in the crowded cars, was tenderly cared for by one of the ladies of the Sanitary Committee. She pressed a large bottle of eau de cologne into his hand, and then hastened to procure him some refreshments. Fancy her astonishment when she returns to find the patient standing hale and hearty, who hands her the empty bottle, which he had drained to the last drop, with the remark that the drink had refreshed him wonderfully.

—While the German soldiers acknowledge the bravery of the French troops of the line, they speak in unmitigated terms of contempt of the fancy corps which were deemed the crack troops of France, like the Turcos, the Zouaves, and the Spahis. At the battle of Woerth a whole battalion of Zouaves asked for quarter on their knees. A Wurtemburg officer, writing to the *Schwaebische Mercur* from this battle-field, writes that he had stood opposite the famous Zouaves, and that they had shown themselves arrant cowards, unworthy of the name of soldiers.

—The Duke of Saxe-Coburg wrote to his Duchess: "What fatigues during three days! (16th—18th). Two battles I was on horseback for thirty hours without a chance of getting a morsel of bread, or a drop of water or wine to wet my lips. Not one of us had any resources but those he carried about him. Yesterday evening I got my first spoonful of soup. We were so worn out that sleep was an impossibility. The noise was frightful. I fear a renewal of these terrible days. God preserve us." The insufficiency of the help for the wounded was confirmed by another letter from the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen. The misery and suffering are beyond all conception. All the localities are crammed with the wounded; no surgeons—no bandages. If such was the suffering of princes, what must have been the misery of the soldiery?

—When the Pope received the reply from the King of Prussia to the mediatory letter the Father had addressed to him there was great excitement in Roman diplomatic circles. Pius IX., usually very frank and outspoken, was at first quite reserved. He raised his hands and exclaimed, "*Salus nostra ex inimicis nostris!*" Just now the Prussians are in high favor at Rome. At Viterbo the officer in command asked permission to fortify the passes of the Tiber and the railroad to Florence.

—A Berlin paper states: "One of the Turcos captured at the battle of Weissembourg, stated that he had arrived on the field with his regiment, from Africa, at 12 o'clock noon. He was captured at 1 P. M. Next morning at 5 o'clock, he breakfasted at Frankfort, and on the same evening, at 6 o'clock, he took his supper in Berlin. The line from Algeria to Berlin, it will be seen, is open for travelers, who are expedited with the greatest despatch."